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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

FRIENDS ARE ALL AROUND US.

Friends are all around us;
Even the little child
Loves the stranger whom he met
Who looked on him and smiled.
Friends are all around us,
If as friends we greet
Those whom in our journeying
On life's worn way we meet.

Friends are all around us;
By a kindly word,
By a look of sympathy,
The heart's depths are stirred.
Do not all our foot-steps
To the same home tend?
Why should not each one of us
Be to each a friend?

Does the pure dew, glistening
On the fair wild rose,
Shun the dark unwelcome wood
That beauteous grows?
Does the sunbeam, shining
On the stately dome,
Lose its lustre when it rests
On the peasant's home?

If one heart grows lighter
By our words made glad—
If one weary spirit,
Drooping, faint, and sad,
Half forgets its anguish
For a little while—
Is it vain for us to speak?
Vain for us to smile?

One word, kindly spoken,
Simple though it be,
Is often sweet music
In the hour of agony;
One look, kindly given,
When the lips move not,
May be treasured in the heart,
Ne'er to be forgot.

There's an "open sesame"
To each human heart,
At whose magic sound, at once
Freely thrown apart
Are the close-barred portals
Of its deepest cell,
Bidding us in friendship's name
Enter in and dwell.

Friends are all around us;
There's a gentle tone
Where'er we wander,
Answering to our own.
Do not all our foot-steps
To the same home tend?
Why should not each one of us
Be to each a friend?

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC AND THE PRESS.

BY THOMAS HODG.

There was "Squire Foxall, a martyr to that melancholy humor called Hypochondriasis, and who was cured by the Press. Many a serio-comic scene there was between the master and his man Roger, a confidential servant of the old school, shrewd, trusty, and blunt as a spade.

"Well, Roger, the old man would say, after a very long and solemn shake of the head, 'I am going at last.'"

"Glad on it—to Swaffham, of course."

"No, Roger, no—to another world."

"What, to America?"

"No, to another and a better one, Roger—to the land of spirits."

"Ah, that's along o' missing your brandy—you be low, you be."

"Not so low as I shall be, Roger. I am at death's door; I have double knuckled, and am scraping my shoes, and it will soon be walk in, now, Roger, remember when I'm gone, that Mr. Brewley—"

"Yes, yes, I know. He has got the last of your last wills. Your new will come into the land, and your niece is to have your personal bulk."

"No, Roger, that was the will before. I've made another since; but no matter. I've done with money and land. All I require now is a little turf."

"Well, there's a whole stack on it in the risk-yard, and when you've burnt o' that—"

"Never, Roger, never! I'm burnt out myself; quite down in the socket, and shall go off like a snuff. I am ready, Roger, for the garnet."

"Yes, yes, and the corn for the sickle, and grass for the scythe, and a ripe plum for the basket, and a brown loaf for hoping the twig—I know all that by heart."

"I'm a dying man, Roger, and you know it I haven't twelve hours to live; no, not six, before I pay the debt of nature."

"Dang the debt o' nature! I wish you had none to settle but hern. But it ain't due yet, it ain't."

"Due and over due, Roger. The receipt's made out, and before to-morrow morning you will have another master."

"No I shan't; I haven't had no warning."

"But I have, Roger. Here, feel my pulse. It stopped just now for two minutes and a half. The circulation is at a stand still, the heart cannot perform its functions."

"All moonshine, master. It's performing its function at this minute. It's going as regular as an eight day clock; I can almost hear it tick."

"No, Roger, that's impossible."

"Is it? Then why do Dr. Darby try to hear it with his telescope?"

"Stethoscope, Roger. Ste-thos-copie. There may be hypertrophy for that. But you know I can't argue with you. My lungs are quite gone, quite!"

"No wonder, you've been blowing 'em up this ten years."

"They're destroyed. Pulmonary consumption has set in—"

"Yes, yes, I know they are full of Tubercles."

"Tubercles, man, and my liver is in no better state."

"No, they're schismatic. And you've got an abscess in your inside—"

"An abscess."

"Well, an abscess in your stomach, and can't digest properly for want of grass and water."

"A deficiency of the gastric juice. It is all too true, Roger. Every organ I have is out of order."

"Then I wouldn't play on 'em. Well, what next? Why you've got a gathering in your lumbar progresses."

"Lumbar progresses—"

"Which in course affects the head, and so you've got a confusion of water on the brain."

"Then you've had an electric fit, and three parallel strokes; and there's your certain ague, and the intermediate fever—"

"Intermitting."

"Then there's the inflammation of your mucous members—"

"Membrane, membrane."

"Well, membrane. Next, there's your vertical headache—"

"Vertigo."

"And the Lord knows what in your intestines and vesicles. Then there's your legs with their various veins—"

"Varicose."

"And as to your feet, with hopping gout in them—and flying gout in your stomach—swimming gout in your head—you're gone all over."

"Yes, Roger, yes; it has got hold of my whole system, sure enough. But its apoplexy I'm afraid of, Roger. I have tinnitis, giddiness, congestion, lethargy, every symptom in the book."

"Dang the books, it's them done it! There's Doctor Murray's Family Physician, you've given yourself over ever since you brought it home."

"And then there's Doctor Winslow's book, and Doctor Franklin's 'as made you believe, between 'em that you'd got a turned head and pendulum belly."

"Pendulous, Roger, pendulous."

"Well, it's all one. And then their plaguy formulas for making up your own prescriptions. You'll prescribe yourself into heaven, you will, you will, some day, with your blue pills and hydragree powders—"

"Hydragree powders."

"It can't be good for nobody to swallow so much calumny. And then you dabble in them deadly poisons, though you know as well as I do, that three Prussian Acidulated drops would kill a horse."

"You mean Prussic acid. But in some affections, Roger, it is of great service."

"Yes, like Oxonian acid, for boot tops—"

"Then there's the newspapers. I do believe there ain't a quack medicine advertiser, but you've tried 'em all, from Cockle's Antibiting Pills, and the Febrifuges, to Sorey Barilla."

"Lord! Lord! the heaps of nasty messes you have swallowed surely? Not to forget the Horse Elixton that the human two-legged species could ketch the glanders."

"And was the poor man cured of his Hypochondriasis?"

"Yes, by the County Chronicle, into which some wag introduced an announcement of his sudden demise, after a complication of disorders, borne for a long series of years with unexampled cheerfulness and resignation." The effect on the patient was miraculous! Instead of damping the spirits or shocking his nerves, it set up his lumbagoed back, roused his sluggish spleen, stimulated his torpid liver, stirred his lethargic lights, warmed his congested blood to a Cour de lion. He declared loudly that it was intended as a hint for his assassination, and vowed that he would horse-whip the editor of the diabolical newspaper in his own infernal office."

"And he was as good as his word—for which practical sincerity he had to pay one hundred pounds for damages, and as much more in costs."

The cure, however, was complete. His old affections vanished as if by magic; and now his only complaints in the world are of the impudence of the counsel, the partiality of judges, the stupidity of juries, the uncertainty of the law, the murderous propensity of the Whigs, the rascality of venal editors, and the intolerable licentiousness of the press."

ANECDOTE.—A foolish person went to the parson of the parish, and making up a very long face, told him he had seen a ghost as he was passing by a grave-yard, moving along against the side of the wall.

"In what shape did it appear?"

"In the shape of an ass."

"Go home and hold your tongue about it, said the parson; 'you are a very timid man, and have been frightened at your own shadow.'"

MAJ. JONES' FIRST AND LAST DRINK OF "SODY WATER."

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

After giving up as far as Yontaw street, and taking a look at the Yontaw Hotel, what's 'bout as big as Noah's ark, I crossed over and came down on to the other side of the street, looking along at one thing and another, till I got most down to Charles street. By this time I began to be monstrous dry, and as I'd hegdrell a good deal about the sody water what they have in the big cities, I thought I'd try a little at the first place where they sold it. Well, the first doctor's shop I come to had a sody water sign up, and in I went to get sum.

Ses I, 'I want a drink of your sody water, sir.'"

"What kind of syrup will you have?" ses he, putting his hand on a bottle of molasses.

"I don't want no syrup," ses I, 'I want sody water.'"

"Ah! ses he, 'you want extra sody.'"

And with that he took a glass and put some white stuff in it, and then held it under the spout till it was full, and handed it to me. I put it to my bed and pulled away at it, but never got such a everlasting dose before in all my life. I got three or four swollers down before I began to taste the dratted stuff, and you may depend it took to killed me right dead in my tracks. I tuck the breath clean out of me, and when I cum to myself, my tongue felt like it was full of needles, and my stomach like I'd swallowed a pint of frozen soap-suds, and the tears was running out of my eyes in a stream. I dropped the glass and sperited the rest out of my mouth quicker'n lightning, but before I could git breath to speak to the chap what was standing behind the counter, starin' at me with all his might, he ax'd me if I wasn't well.

"Well, thunder and lightning!" ses I, 'do you want to pizen me to death, and then ax me if I'm well?'"

"Pizen!" ses he.

"Yes," ses I, 'pizen, I axed you for sum sody water, and you gin me a dose bad enough to kill a hoss!'"

"I gin you nothin' but plain sody," ses he.

"Well," ses I, 'if that's what you call sody water, I'll be dashed if I'll try any more of it.'"

"Why, it's worse nor Ingin turnip juice, stewed down six gallons into a pint, cooled off in a snow-bank and mixed with a herryane."

Jest then the bilin' hot steam cum up into my throat, that like to blow'd my nose out by the route.

Ses he, 'Maybe you aint use to drinkin' it without syrup.'"

"No," ses I, 'and what's more, I never will be.'"

"It's much better with sassybarilla or gooseberry syrup," ses he. 'Will you try sum with syrup?'"

"No, I thank you," ses I, and I paid him a thrip for the dose I had, and put out.

A Poser. One day last week a man living at Carlton, was indignantly complaining that his knife had been stolen till at last one of his neighbors, whose garden had been robbed a short time previous, said to him, "Hold your tongue, old boy, I found your knife amongst my cabbages; how came it there?" The fellow was struck dumb.

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a jug of rum, said he thought it must be the juice of women's tongues, and lion's hearts for after drinking it he could talk forever, and fight the devil.

A western paper, in an obituary notice, says that the deceased 'had also been for several years a director in a bank—notwithstanding which, he died a Christian, universally respected.' Truly, a strange circumstance.

A countryman having been requested to help a member of Congress out of a ditch, replied that he didn't wish to have anything to do with State affairs.

Minds capable of the greatest things can enjoy the most trivial, as the elephants trunk can knock down a lion or pick up a pin.

The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. "I was terrible terrible to look upon, the ghost in flame was not a circumstance."

The Beard.—It is said that the beard, when left to itself, grows into a shape inducing a supposition that nature intended it as a peculiar protection for the health, parting in the middle and just covering the lungs.

Every hour is worth at least a good thought, a good wish, a good endeavor.

Political.

Ruin! Ruin! Extract of a letter in the Washington Union, dated New York, Aug. 7.

"A whig merchant said to me, to-day, 'their party leaders might cry 'repudiate' till their throats cracked, the people would not respond.'"

He further said, with what truth I know not, that Mr. Webster's plan of 25 per cent. reduction would have satisfied the manufacturers, and it could have been carried, but it was thought that whig politicians could make nothing out of

that hence it was not urged, preferring the bill as it is, (which, according to their own showing is to ruin every manufacturer) than to adopt any amendments, which, while it would not materially injure the manufacturer, would not create the least capital for the whigs. I (said he) no longer believe in their professions, and am determined not to adopt their senseless cries of repudiate and ruin."

"This gentleman is one of our most worthy whig merchants; he had shown himself a sensible man, in this respect, and has, as I know, vast many imitators here. There have more contracts been made for building ships within a week than during the three months past. Several new cotton factories, in the eastern States, have just been started, without either adopting the cry of ruin or repudiate. The whigs must try again."

From the Argus.

LET US BE TRUE TO OURSELVES—

NO. 2.

"Our commerce with Mexico has been almost annihilated. It was formerly highly beneficial to both nations; but our merchants have been deterred from prosecuting it by the system of outrage and extortion which the Mexican authorities have pursued against them, while their appeals through their own Government for indemnity have been made in vain. Our forbearance has gone to such an extreme as to be mistaken in its character. Had we acted with vigor in repelling the insults and redressing the injuries inflicted by Mexico at the commencement, we should doubtless have escaped all the difficulties in which we are now involved."

In addition to the cases of 'outrage' and 'extortion' already enumerated, practised by the Mexican Government towards the United States, we cannot forbear to mention three or four others that occur to us, as having happened in 1836, and which aroused the indignation of the brave 'Old Hickory,' at the time of their commission.

1. In February, 1836, Wm. Hallatt and Zalmon Hull, citizens of the United States, were arrested in the streets of Matamoros, by a party of Mexican soldiers, and dragged to the barracks in the city, and their confined for a long time on suspicion of their intention of going to Texas!

2. Sentinels were placed at the residence of Mr. Butler, the American consul at Matamoros, under false pretences, who entered his house with drawn swords to make him a prisoner, and finding him absent actually stole his horses and mules from the stable to compensate them for their disappointment!

3. Wm. A. Slacum, Esq., a bearer of dispatches from the Government at Washington, was, soon after this, hastening to the Mexican capital to confer with Mr. Ellis, our Charge d' Affaires at Mexico, when he was seized and shamefully maltreated; and an attempt was also made to get away his official letters, bearing the endorsement of the State department for his own Government! This scandalous outrage against our country was committed within the walls of the city of Mexico, and near the Government palace!

Then again in March and April, two schooners the 'Compeer' and 'Eclipse' the brig 'Jane,' and several other American vessels were forcibly detained at Tobacco and Matamoros, on the most idle pretences, to the great damage and loss of the owners; and for these and similar aggressions no compensation whatever has been made!

In the quarrel then existing between Texas and Mexico, our Government stood neutral, however strong our sympathies might be for the former; and yet our merchants were great sufferers by the embargo laid at Vera Cruz, Tampico, and other Mexican ports, which obstructed our navigation, and exposed our commerce in the most flagrant manner; and this embargo, operating as it was a direct infraction of treaty stipulations, and of itself a cause of war. And have not some of these fifty or sixty outrages of Mexico been atoned for, the reader inquires. We answer, not one of them, in any way whatever! Even the two oldest ones on the long list of our grievances are not yet settled in full. We refer to the 'Louisiana' and 'Cossack,' two American vessels seized by order of Don Augustin Iturbide, in 1821, which were both, together with their rich cargoes of arms, cordage and provisions, captured at the port of Acapulco, and appropriated to the use of the Mexican Government. Acknowledging the debt to amount to \$45,000, it is true that Mexican cabinet passed a decree to pay that sum, about a year afterwards; but although repeatedly urged to do so, all our government could get was \$14,000, leaving \$31,000; and twenty-four years interest still due! And this is the usage of Mexico towards us, a friendly power! But we bore it all with masterly patience, on account of the poverty and distracted state of the Republic; we overlooked her faults—we pined her want of magnanimity—and we forbore for the last eight years to declare war, although justified in doing so, by a recommendation of a committee of Congress! Ruled, however, by some evil genius, and supported by certain sympathizing federal papers in this country, not encouraged by the speeches of Whig Senators in Congress, Mexico, in lieu of meeting our claims at length threatens the United States with a war of invasion! Up to this time, as Byron has it,

"We bore it all—it hurt us, but we bore it—"

"Till this last running over of the cup"

"Of bitterness—until this last insult!"

When we sought to repeat invasion—to beat back the foe—to assert our rights—and this called, forth, as 'unjustifiable war!' Shows on the coward who says it—cannot be a man, and much less a patriot. Such sympathies we had in 1812, but God forbid that their crawling should ever be heard again! Such fellows are a curse to the country—a curse to their race! + + +

DEMOCRATS, STAND BY YOUR PRINCIPLES.

And be ye not unequally yoked with Federalism; for what agreement hath Federalism with Democracy? The time for action has arrived, and soon you will be called upon to deposit your votes for those whose political sentiments accord with your own. The field should be cleared, and every Democrat ready for action.

Our candidates having been selected by ourselves through delegates whom we have authorized to act for us, it now remains our duty to elect them if possible.

The signs of the times indicate a union of the Whigs and Abolitionists, or at least the Whigs are courting their aid, and it remains to be seen whether they can effect a union for the purpose of opposing the Democracy.

In many strong Democratic towns the Whigs often decide the question for the Democrats, as to who shall be their Representatives; here the Democrats should be united, and stand together, and do their business for themselves, and in order to save the Whigs the trouble of doing the business for the Democrats, they should unite upon or select their candidates previous to the election, so that the whole party can elect them at once, and thus save much ill feeling and contention in the Democratic ranks on the day of election.

The party should not permit their differences to enter their ranks at the polls, and thus give the Whigs an opportunity to fan the flame when all should be harmony on such an occasion. That man's Democracy is of a doubtful kind, who refuses to submit his claims to his party for decision, but on the contrary is willing to court the opponents of Democracy for their support.

Democrats should be slow to trust the interests of their party to such persons, who, in a majority of cases will betray them, should circumstances and interests favor it.

There remains only a short time for the organization of the party, and what remains to be done must be done quickly, in order to bring out a full vote in the fall. The Whigs are organizing their forces, and making great efforts to get out their full strength on the 14th, and we must meet them with corresponding efforts.

We must meet them at the ballot box; this is the place that finally decides the question between Federalism and Democracy—between equal rights to all, or special privileges to the few.

The Federal or Whig party have ever been the advocates of a national Bank, and came very near establishing one in 1841. This is one of their leading measures, and should they ever gain the ascendancy in this country, it would be one of their first acts to establish one. The effect of a National Bank has ever been to cause fictitious prices for every thing produced or manufactured, which in a great measure defeats the object of a protective tariff, and the foreign manufacturer can compete with the home manufacturer; when money is cheap, so to speak, the foreigner will take our specie instead of our merchandise, which fictitious prices, which, after paying heavy duties, leave fair profits on his sales.

The Independent Treasury Bill, with the Democratic tariff, which the Whigs have denounced, prematurely, as we think, will do more to place the manufacturing interest of the country on a permanent and healthy footing than any tariff that has been in existence, with a National Bank in operation to contend with. The manufacturers of this country would be better off with a currency based upon gold and silver without a tariff, than a fictitious currency, with a tariff. While the manufacturers have their business placed upon a firm basis by the Democracy, other important interests are cared for.

There are some interests that have been more highly favored by Government than other more important ones; but the Democratic tariff aims to treat all interests alike, and on this account, those so highly favored by the Whig tariff complain.

The agriculturists of this country are more numerous by far than any other class of citizens, and their interests should receive attention and justice from our Government; and until this is done, there can be no tariff framed that can be permanent. We think the late Democratic tariff does this.

The Whigs, instead of giving the tariff a fair trial, denounce it in advance, and they labor hard to produce the results which they so confidently predict, and to appearance so much desire.

Their object is to create a panic, on paper at least to last until the fall elections are over.

We hear that the Manufacturers are dismissing some of their operatives, and reducing the wages of others since the passage of the Democratic Tariff. This is no new thing with them. In 1842 they reduced the wages, notwithstanding they had a tariff that highly favored them; and there is hardly a contested election that comes off, but there are more or less Democratic workmen dismissed, because they refused to obey the orders of their employers, and vote the whig ticket. These lords of the loom are very fond of finding some pretext, real or imaginary, for cutting down the wages of their operatives.

Democrats, stand together—and let no whig panic which is manufactured to order, sweep you from your principles, or deter you from performing your duty. If Democratic principles are worth possessing, and worthy of being carried out in practice, then they are worthy of our most energetic efforts to effect it.

The foes of Democracy are making great efforts to overthrow the party this fall, and every individual member should have his arm on ready for the conflict, always bearing in mind the maxim that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

G. M. F.

PROHIBITION, &c., AN OBSOLETE IDEA.

Our readers, some of them at least, have met with an article which some time since appeared in the papers of the day, describing the terror and apprehension of impending evil produced in a youthful mind, when the evening mail brought to a quiet country village the news of the death of the Governor of the State—he the child went to bed, doubting if ever the sun would rise again and how this state of fear and awe was suddenly relieved on being awakened the next morning by the usual noise of the "old family coffee mill." He reasoned well—if the Governor's death could not stop a coffee mill, it was no end of the world matters, after all. When the news arrived of the final overthrow of a partial and oppressive system of restriction and monopoly, the shrieks and groans of a few pampered and overgrown monopolists, mingled with the hypocritical outcry of thousands of aspiring and reckless demagogues, who vainly hoped to retrieve their prostrated political expectations by creating a panic excitement, one would have thought the first flash of the final conflagration had burst upon their eyes; and yet we do not think the whole combined has stopped a single "old family coffee mill."

Although the aristocratic tariff of 1842 is repealed, and the American people have deliberately repudiated the principle of protection to favored interests, with its host of monopolies and exclusive privileges; though American legislation has ceased to burden the poor man for the purpose of swelling even to bursting the already strained coffers of the capitalists, whose eyes stand out with fatness—we believe the sun will shine as fair and beautiful, the fertilizing rain descend as richly and as gently—not a spear of grass nor a blade of wheat will be checked in its luxuriant growth; nor one smile the less of a kind and liberal Providence brighten the hills of New England, or the valleys of the West. If our shrieking brethren would only open their eyes and look around on the profusion of blessings which surround us, they would see, and perhaps feel, that there is not much reason, to say nothing of gratitude, in such continued outcries of ruin and distress. Perhaps if the crops should fail throughout our country, and we should be encompassed with famine and starvation; or if the pestilence that walketh in darkness should strike down the good, the brave and the beautiful, or the furious passions of war should be unchained, we should all see, ay, and feel, too, what ruin and distress are.

But, after all, it is not so wonderful that in the mind of many, the ideas of prohibition and restriction should have come to be regarded as essential to national prosperity. We can look back and see the follies and vices of those who have gone before us, while we ourselves are hugging closely the most ridiculous absurdities in fashion, politics or morals. We overlook the absurdities of the present. When Caligula's horse was made a consul, it passed of as a matter of course, and excited very little surprise. And so in regard to this principle of prohibition and restriction for the good of favored interests. Absurd as it may be in the abstract, custom, to a certain extent, has rendered it familiar. We have become inured to absurdities from its supporters, and, like the Hindus who have laid for years on the points of sharp spikes, we have also become callous, and almost ceased to be sensible to its infliction. But the entire doctrine, we venture to say, is a doctrine of the past, and as such is utterly inapplicable to our present circumstances and condition. Indeed, no reasonings based on the effects of principles or measures at any period of the past, can be safely relied on as to their effects at the present day. New elements are introduced into society, the effects of which are not yet developed. Machinery is brought to such a degree of perfection, as with a given amount of human labor immensely to increase the amount of production. The facility and rapidity of communication between different points of our own country, and between this and foreign countries, and between different countries, must of necessity produce a vast change in the measures and policy of the nations of the world.

No nation can set up for itself, and claim to exclude others from a participation in its own productions, or to exclude the products of other nations from its markets. Such a policy must, if it could be sustained, be suicidal to its own interest. We do not fear to risk the talent, the energy the industry, the acuteness of Americans, against those of any country in the world, and still less should we fear it, if unshackled by aristocratic restrictions and purse-proud monopolies. If our operatives can have cheap food and cheap clothing, and all the necessities and comforts of life at as low rates, let them have this, even though the millionaire should peradventure receive ten per cent dividend on his factory stock instead of thirty. "Cease, then," says Carlyle says on a different matter, "our beloved shrieking brother blockheads"—close those wide mouths, cease shrieking, and begin considering."

ASPECTS OF FEDERALISM.

There was a time when federalism was as honest in its professions as it has since become insincere and hypocritical, it therefore commanded the respect of men while it was not received into the American heart. It seemed to conceal its designs and to disown its name. It was for dividing the people into two classes, nobles and simpletons, giving the former great privileges withheld from the latter. It was for giving the "high class" the benefits and "protection," of legislation and government favor, and leaving the "low class" to shrink for themselves—or in other words, it was for taking care of the rich and leaving the rich to take care of the poor. To found government upon property, it held to be the highest political wisdom; it was for a life senate; a strong central government overshadowing the States; it was for aristocracy and privilege against democracy and an equality of rights.

There was no concealment about this, no disguising of things by a misapplication of words, no evasions and subterfuges to conceal the truth, so that the American people, while receiving democracy and rejecting federalism as its antagonist

ism had not the additional cause to dislike the latter for insincerity and falsehood.

Federalism was seen and known by all men—there was the name, the principle, the purpose—all understood. Its adherents refused to aid in setting up a democratic government after the Revolution because from instinct, principle and education in favor of Aristocracy; opposed to a national independence and system of government making each man independent, and allowing equal rights and privileges, they opposed the war with England and undertook to dissolve the American Union through a public meeting, the ever memorable Hartford Convention. Thus we find federalism at open war with democracy, avowing its purposes while aiming at its objects, true to itself, and acknowledged its baptismal name.

But federalism has become so false and hypocritical in its long warfare with democracy that it now even disowns its own name. While its elementary principles and original character remain the same, it has sought to lose its identity by changing its outward garb and adopting a new name. Federalism metamorphosed into whiggism, as suddenly as the Legislature made John Smith into George Albright. With equal facility have many things been changed. Treason is called devotion to the cause of liberty—sympathy with our national enemies, is designated christian piety—hostility to the American Union, is enlarged philanthropy—opposition to the war, the proof of patriotism.

But notwithstanding these changes in names and the misapplication of terms, things remain unaltered. Federalism is what it was, only more odious for its hypocrisy. It is totally useless to call legislation for a class "protecting industry"—there is no democracy and no sense to it. The protection the federalists prate of is privilege to the few, taxation to the many. It will avail nothing to persist in asserting that the country is ruined by loco foco legislation, for there never has been a time of more general prosperity. It will do no good to attempt to destroy democracy by joining our national enemies. It is idle to call a traitor a patriot.

In 1812-14 federalism was found wanting in patriotism and proved traitorous; at the first opportunity that has since been presented we find its adherents and exemplar again uttering strong expressions of sympathy for our national enemies, smothering our own government, and plotting against the Union of the States. They are as much traitors and disunionists as the Hartford Conventionists. They attempt to conceal this treason under the flimsy pretence of resisting southern influence and the extension of slavery. The traitors of the last war also had the excuse—treason is never without them. But it is something more, it is the old federal spirit of hostility to the Union and to democratic government. It is not opposition to the "slaveocracy" at the bottom, it is something different and more alarming. Fresh from the support of a slaveholder, who believes in their sincerity or will receive their excuses? Why, President Van Buren was denounced a "northern man with southern principles," a northern man would not do for President, if a democrat, but a southern federalist would be entirely satisfactory—aye, Henry Clay, if he had a million slaves instead of hundreds would be joyfully supported for President, yet again by these disunionists—federal crusaders against the "slaveocracy," if they believed that he could be elected.

O, the hypocrisy and the effrontery of federalism. How little there is in it to be desired or respected. It would be madness in a democratic people to submit themselves to its rule. It can only rise as the country sinks. Let the democratic people of Maine keep it under, by discharging their duty at the approaching election, and continuing the State government in the hands of men whose minds and hearts are under democratic influences, who are friends of the Union, and who will carry out the principles of democracy in our State Administration. [Bangor Democrat.

Some silly writer in the columns of the Boston Journal has stepped forward to defend John Davis upon the old charge, recently repeated, it seems, in the Portland Argus, of having given three cheers in the streets of Worcester on hearing that the British had entered the Putnam, in 1813. This writer rests his defence mainly on the fact that Mr Davis had no regard for his personal security than to have ventured thus to give vent to his feelings. Another branch of his defence is that there is nobody who can swear to the truth of the fact. He concludes thus:—"We believe, then, according to law, J. S. C. Knowlton stands farther of the charge. In the language, then, of our other distinguished Senator, in taking his leave of C. J. Ingersoll, we leave him in the very worst of company, with himself."

Our Brother of the Palladium will take good care of himself. He is able to do that in any company and in good shape. The comparison above is not in keeping; the cases are in no way analogous; the facts are altogether dissimilar. Few who know both Mr Knowlton and Mr Davis, whether looking to truth, sense, wit or social companionship, would hesitate whose company to choose. The former is not only one of the ablest writers but in every respect one of the cleverest men that Massachusetts can boast. As for Mr Davis, whatever may have been the opinion before, since his late conduct in the Senate we will doubt that he really committed the outrage in the streets of Worcester with which he has been charged. The writer referred to does not deny that such were his feelings, but only that he would not have dared to give vent to them. But a man who would brave decency in the one case with such perfect composure would scarcely fear to leave public sentiment in the other. [Concord Freeman.

General Gaines Acquitted. The Norfolk Beacon of Thursday says—"It is understood that the finding of the late Court of Inquiry at Fortress Monroe, was favorable to General G. It is rumored, however, that the proceedings are to be quashed, owing to some flaw discovered at headquarters, and that the Sec'y of War contemplates ordering a new Court of Inquiry. What it is that vitiates the record, we have not been able to ascertain.

Singular Accident. When the cars arrived at Morristown the other day, a boy's finger, with part of the tendons attached to it, was discovered fastened in a ring at the end of the train. On their return, at Orange, the boy who lost it was found. It seemed that he took hold of the car, when in motion, when his finger was caught in the ring and jerked off.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1846.



ELECTION—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Democratic Republican Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN W. DANA,
OF FRYEBURG.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

First District,
DAVID HAMMONS, of Lovell.

Fourth District,
JOHN D. McCRATE, of Wiscasset.

FOR SENATORS.—OXFORD COUNTY,

JOHN J. PERRY, of Oxford.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, of Hartford.

C. R. AYER, of Cornish.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—OXFORD,

JOHN REED, of Roxbury.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—OXFORD,

NATHAN M. MARBLE, of Paris.

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS.—OXFORD.

Eastern District,
STEPHEN D. HUTCHINSON,

of Buckfield.

Western District,
JAMES O. McMILLAN, of Fryeburg.

WHIG CONVENTION.

On Tuesday last the Whigs of this County met in conclave, we may say solemn conclave, (for they looked both solemn and affected) at the Court House in this place to set up certain marks to be fired at and knocked down by the Democracy on the 14th. It is presumed they went through this ceremony for form sake, or from habit, or because "other folks do so," but that as it may, it has been done, and yet while doing, it really seemed the very men engaged in this thankless task felt that their day and generation had passed, that their political notions and nostrums were not again to be swallowed by the people—that the foundation of their political creed had been built upon the sands, and that the test of time had proved it unsafe and dangerous, and that the waves of experience—the application of enlightened reason, had left but a wreck, a sort of ghost to remind them of their former greatness, and of departed power.

But they made their nominations, and then came their Resolutions, which were adopted nem con. In their character they were strangely incongruous, partaking largely, it is true, of that same Anti-American feeling that so indelibly marked a portion of these same men in the war of 1812, when they were rejoicing at British victories over American arms; but they were spiced, heavily spiced with Abolitionism, showing plainly the fruits of Giddings' mission to the north, and to make this nauseous dose go down with the "liberty men" of this County, a large portion of whom were originally Democrats, they put upon their list of nominations for Senators an Abolitionist. Mr. Hersey, they say, is an Abolitionist. This shroud of the apoplexy they throw out to the liberty party as a bait to draw them into this federal net. Will it take? It would seem not. Who is this Mr. Hersey, politically? He may occasionally have voted the "liberty" ticket, but if so it was when he had no hope that the, to him, dearer principles of Federalism would prevail. Where was he in 1840? For Tip and Ty. Where in 1844, but a Clayite. What has he always been at heart? It is sufficient to say he is of Federal origin, was reared and educated a Federalist, and has always acted with that party when there has been a dawning hope of success. Yet, forsooth, this appeal is to the liberty men, vote with us for we appreciate your worth and love your principles. We are strong—you are weak—come in and make us stronger that we may prevail. See what we are willing to do; why, we have put one of your men in nomination ourselves, and very soon we will make you all "rulers in the land," you shall stand first in the ranks of a great and powerful party. You are opposed to the Mexican war, for it grew out of the annexation of Texas, which increased the area of slavery. We are opposed to it, if not for the same reason, for the reason that we are always opposed to our country let her be at war with whom she may, whether justly or unjustly. See the similitude. Are we not of one faith? Should we not be of one brotherhood? Come in and help us; you will be a help in time of need—help, help us, or we sink.

How far these reasons will go to convince the liberty men that they should turn Federalists we know not, but really it struck us that that portion of the liberty party which is made up of conscientious men who left the Democracy through feelings of philanthropy for the slave, would hardly be willing to swallow this gilded bait of Federalism for fear of the halibut hook, and that it would tend to convince them that if that portion of their friends of original Federal faith went back to their first love, that they too, having the right of choice, would return to them. We have too good an opinion of that portion of the liberty men, above spoken of, to come to a different conclusion. Time will show whether we are right or wrong. Of the number attending this Convention it is need-

less to speak. The quiet of our little village was not disturbed by the crowd, nor is it a matter of great trouble for our hotels to accommodate twenty or thirty men with a meal or two each.

But the speeches. There were several made, those we believe by two speakers only, and the manner in which they managed this important part of the ceremonies was rather unique and diverting, and would lead one to believe that each speaker had an eye to the future, when one might meet the other in direct Congressional canvass, hence each seemed ambitious to convince their numerous friends present that he was the better man, the truer Whig, the warmer partisan. The ex-County Attorney declared that "the Resolutions embraced the true Whig doctrine, such as he had always believed in and practiced, and which he, before his death, expected to see carried into full operation even in the County of Oxford." (We all know the ex-County Attorney to be a sanguine man.) This was a poser to the other gentleman, for consistency forbids him to declare that his Federal principles were but saplings (though of a rank unwholesome growth) compared with those of his wily friend—we mean the youthful champion might have said that his Federalism bore date from many a year before the world knew ought of it. Although "each speaker was eloquent by turns," yet all seemed "like sweets wasted upon the desert air," for not one cheer, not one approbative stamp broke in upon either speaker from any part of the crowded house to aid their patriotic effusions thus spontaneously poured out for the public good. The important business of the Convention having been brought to a close at a seasonable hour the assembly retired with no unnecessary confusion from the house, and thence, we doubt not, to their anxious constituents.

Masks OFF!

There has been a severe struggle carried on in the ranks of our political opponents for precedence between the old Federalists of the 1812 school, and the young Whigs of the R. F. Perkins and Col. Dumont dynasty. For several years past the young men, in consequence of their superior activity and "forth putting" qualifications, have had things in their party managed much in their own way. The old Federalists of anti-war memory have been compelled to stand back and look on while the Perkinses, the Cowans, the Dumonts and Kinsmans of the party have been playing "their fantastic tricks before high heaven," in such a manner as to make their more grave and dignified seniors blush for their folly and imprudence. The bad success which has attended the efforts of these political bedfellows, seems to have induced another revolution in the party, in favor of the Old Federal Dynasty. Hence in the selection of candidates which have been thus far presented for public office, men who were deemed pillars in the old Federal party are brought forward for nearly all the prominent places. Thus, for the office of Governor, they have presented the name of Hon. David Bronson, of Augusta, a man who sucked in Federalism with his mother's milk, and his entire system has been so perfectly saturated with Federal principles that they ooze out of him on every occasion. No man in the State possesses more of the gall and bitterness of ancient Federalism than does Mr. Bronson. All his political harangues and speeches are over-charged with apocryphal hatred for republicanism, and abound in most uncharitable and abusive denunciations of Democratic men and measures. In his nomination the old school Federalists triumphed over the young men of the party, who run Mr. Allen, of Bangor, who is a man of more moderate political temperament. In their candidates for Congress the same interests have prevailed.

Nor can it be said that these old Federalists are brought forward by accident. If we only look at their conventions, it will be seen that the proportion of the old pillars of the party—or in other words Old Federalists has been so large as to exert a controlling influence on the nominations thus far made. The result is evidently the effect of a resolute determination on the part of the old Federal portion of the opposition, to throw off the mask of modern Whiggism and to stand forth the open champions of ancient Federalism. This resolution, whether expedient or not for them in a party point of view, certainly evinces courage. Let them now discard this assumed name of Whig, which has always sat awkwardly upon them, and boldly enter the field under their ancient and proper name, FEDERALISTS, and they will receive the respect of the people for their honesty, though they may fail to command the votes of the electors.

FRIEND MILLET,—Resolving, as you do, among a population eminently and honorably Democratic, having nothing worthy to be dignified with the name of opposition to contend against, I have thought it not altogether without interest to your readers to inform them that the Whigs are in fact preparing earnestly, though shyly, to gain the ascendancy at the approaching election. They have not the courage to go into the contest openly and above board, as they have had too much experience in this honorable mode of warfare to lead them to hope for success. If they succeed at all, it will be because the Democracy of the State are relying with too much confidence in their own strength, and upon the goodness of their cause. In strongly Democratic districts, this is our greatest source of danger. And it is rendered doubly so from the fact, that the secret efforts of the Whigs are not there discovered, inasmuch as the sphere of their operations is reduced to a small compass. But among a large Whig population it is different. However astute the wire pullers may be to keep their movements from the public eye, and however anxious they may be to catch us by surprise, "murder will out."

It is a fact, which should address itself with force to every Democrat, that the opposition are now endeavoring to play their game of secrecy with unusual skill and dexterity. They intend to defeat us again by a surprise, if possible. It is said, and I doubt not truly, that in every County where the strength is nearly equally balanced, their organization has never been more perfect, and their hopes never more flattering than at the present time. This fact presents no cause of alarm, if our friends will only take cognizance of, and profit by it. So far from cause for discouragement, it presents a new and important motive for increased vigilance and activity in the Democratic ranks.

I have no doubt the Democracy of Oxford are faithfully alive to the importance of the election so near at hand, but they should be aware also that a most important part in this contest devolves upon them. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

As you perceive by the papers, the Democracy of Cumberland have nominated for their Congressional candidate, Hon. A. W. H. Clapp, of Portland. Gov. Dunlap, the present worthy member, was not a candidate for another election. The competitors for nomination were Messrs. Clapp and Littlefield, the latter of Bridgton, and well known to the Democracy of Oxford, as an able and efficient laborer in their cause. The canvass was somewhat animated, as will always be the case when our friends are in the majority. But Mr. Clapp's friends were in the ascendancy in the Convention, and he was accordingly declared the regularly nominated candidate. Had the nomination been conferred upon Mr. Littlefield, who received a highly respectable vote, no one would have more cheerfully acquiesced in that result than his successful competitor. And it is not doubted that the former will manifest equally a regard for the voice of the majority as expressed in the convention. Mr. Clapp has not heretofore been a candidate for an elective office, except on one occasion, against his own wishes, for the office of Mayor of the city of Portland, but he has been well known as an intelligent merchant, an honorable man, and has always been a consistent, zealous and efficient Democrat. Of his election there can be little doubt, although the Whigs will labor night and day to defeat him. Mr. Little, his competitor, is understood to be very desirous of an election, and his friends will leave no stone unturned to insure his success. Money, it is said, will accomplish all it can for him, but his principles are so odious, and have been so often repudiated by the people of his district, that if there is "fair play" he will be again consigned to the grave of Federal Whiggery. A diligent attempt has been made to enlist the Abolitionists in his behalf, but thus far, it is understood, that the "liberty men" are determined to "go on their own hook." They have had heretofore sufficient experience in the real friendship of the Whigs, and will not probably be "gulled" again by "promises to the ear, which are broken to the hope."

Will not the Democratic abolitionists of your county throw their votes for Mr. Dana? They cannot do better for themselves than to do so. They can hardly expect to elect Gen. Fessenden this year, and by casting their ballots for Mr. Dana their interests would be far better promoted than to permit their influence to operate against him. For however they may regard the past acts of the Democracy, they can but see that their principles are eminently calculated to bring about the era of universal emancipation.

Yours, CUMBERLAND.

The Safe Rule.

The only safe rule of action for a political party is strictly to adhere to regular nominations. The man who bolts from a nomination because the nominee is personally objectionable to him, sets an example which if followed, will inevitably destroy all party organization. By thus bolting, the election of a personal enemy may be defeated, but in the defeat of that personal enemy the party may also be defeated, and some great and important measure for the benefit of the country thereby lost. Besides, the man who defects an election by bolting to-day may be himself defeated by the bolting of some other man to-morrow. He who would claim for himself or his friend the benefit of party organization, must see to it that he himself does not destroy that organization. The safety and prosperity of the country depend on the success of the Democratic party. The safety of that party consists in maintaining its organization. That organization can only be preserved by a close adherence to regular nominations.

Democrats are you ready?

It is now but a few days before election. The adversaries of your principles are in the field. Political enemies from other States are traversing our State for the purpose of creating discord in the Democratic party, and thereby procuring a defeat. The political Abolitionists are urging on the black flag of opposition and attempting to induce you to rally upon it by appealing to recent prejudices and prejudices. The Whigs wish to keep up a separate organization, echo the same cry, and apparently avoid discussing the common principles. They have studiously avoided discussing the common principles, on the score of which they have heretofore secured your aid at the day of the country's emergency, and are now retreating behind the old unbroken phrases of the political Abolitionists, when they have heretofore affected to despise. That is these few weeks they are disheartened, there can be no doubt. One day they are back and the next external improvement seen—the next Post-Whigs—then Abolitionists—and then Abolitionists; and the next you will find them with all their strength supporting the most unwholesome slaveholders for the highest office in the nation. Yesterday they were all bent upon having a party, and every man's son of them was crying woe at the top of his voice. To-day they are all in for a northern party as the only thing that can save the country. What position they will occupy to-morrow no man can tell. The tricks to which they resort to deceive are innumerable. To meet them, let them come in what shape they may, is the duty of the Democracy.

Remember of Maine, are you now ready to meet them? Are your towns organized? Are your voters at home? Have all of you made arrangements to be at the polls on election day? If these things have not been done there is now no time to lose.—Safety can be only had in being ever ready for action.

There is reason to believe that an attempt will be made to induce the Whigs and Abolitionists to coalesce in the election of members of the legislature, for the purpose of getting possession of the State government. It is for this purpose that their Giddingses and Hales are traversing the State. Let our Democratic friends to the various representative districts look to this and see that we have no Democrats by reason of dissensions among ourselves.

Now is the time for organization.—Age.

Van Amburgh's Exhibition.—The exhibition of Van Amburgh's Grand Caravan of Wild Animals, Roman Circus, &c., took place in this village on the 26th ult. The entrance of the Caravan in procession, and display made previous to the opening of the exhibition, was what has been ranked up to be, but the exhibition itself would hardly compare with anything of the kind ever before shown in this vicinity, so far as variety is concerned. The music was first rate. It was estimated that 3000 people visited the exhibition.

Lovell Convention.—The proceedings of this Convention have not yet been received.



